

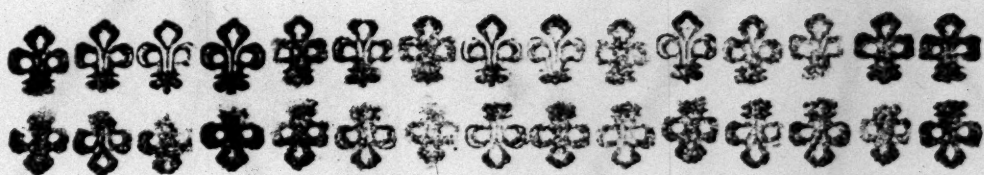
Hudibras.

James Maister: pro

THE Second Part.



L O N D O N,
Printed in the Year,
1 6 6 3.



The first Canto.

Argument.

*We sing no further oth' disputes
 Twixt Knight, and Squire, nor their confutes ;
 Nor bow by Puissant trick, or Chance,
 From Chanted Castle they advance ;
 Since skill'd Magicians know as well
 How to undo, as make the spell :
 Nor yet of Talgol, Bruin, Orson,
 Whom Writers say was but a Whorson :
 But Hudibras more strange Adventures,
 That hitherto have hung on Tenters.*

The second Part

The May-pole.

IT happened at the time when *Oysters*
'Gan loose their *Operative* moystures,
When *Sol* with *heat* did fill his *Car*,
And that the *Month* did want an *R*;
Which was before, or *June*, or *July*,
When Countrey Placquets grow *unruly* :
For, as the *Wise* say, in *August*
If *One* won't do't, another m. st.
When *Cherries* hardly ripen'd, Nod,
And *Children* for 'em venture *Rod* ;
When Mother *Nature* doth disperse
Her *help* to *Man*, (that *Universe*)
When fresh *blood* empty *veins* supply,
Which suffer'd by Phlebotomy ;
That *he* who can the *Hill* get o're,
In hope to *live* is, scarce before ,

When

of Hudibras.

3

When *Midwife Flora*'s newly seen
In Meadows gay, and Gardens green,
The *Pink*, the *Primrose*, *Tulip-flowre*,
(Off-springs of a *quondam* showre,)
With *Lily*, *Violet* and *Dazy*,
The *Merry-milk* pales deck, which praise I,
When *Barnes* are freed from *Mice* and *Rats*,
By *Madam Owle*, better then *Cats*;
When with a *Garland* to be Crown'd,
The *sweaty* hoofs do tare the ground;
And *Fidilero* and *Pipero*
In every Village peep, and peere ho!
When *Mortals* feed on *Sage* and Butter,
Drink *Whey* by *quarts* to make 'em squit —
And for the Ladies of the *season*,
Prepared are *green* Cheese and Peason,
With *Macquerels* brought up in *Shoals*,
Colow to fill of hungry soules;
And *Silla-bub*, with *lip-lov'd Tanzy*
For *Roger*, is prepar'd by *Nancy*.

The second part

When, as in *Landskips* we discover
In every *shade*, a lolling Lover,
With *head* on lap, of *female* wight,
Hand underneath her *garment* white,
And she *turns up* her *womanhood*,
Whil'st *Pego* forrages for *food*;
And Surgeons put up in sheath
Cleans'd *syringes* for *fall of leaf*:
At the same time I must not vary,
Jack met with *Gill*, and *Mat* with *Mary*;
Which was soon after, (as 'tis said)
Mars had laid by his Tool, and Trade,
And *All* was ready to bring in
The *Maid* with dimpled *Cheeks*, and *Chin*:
When that the people might be free
T' enjoy their (Juggl'd) *liberty*,
As then the *Bells* at *Westminster*
Did clapper-claw the *Countrys* ear;
And ev'ry creeping *thing* on *earth*
From *Crickets* did incline to *mirth*;

of Hudibras.

5

Nay, th' grand *Hectorian-Olivero*
Left *Ranting*, and fell to *Primero*,
A *Game*, he had long study'd, but
As some do say, was hard put to't,
For others knew't as well as he,
And *stickl'd* for the *Mastery*,
All *Hectors* of his only breeding,
For they could pray, and lie exceeding,
And such as now *remain*, do claim
From *those* the *vigour* of that *Name*:
And follow all their wayes of *Plunder*,
Only to hear, *they pray*, is *wonder*;
But for their lying are *expert*,
And *swearing* they have got by *heart*;
There let it lie, like fatal dagger
In peaceful sheath, until they swagger.
And now to what we were about,
Which all this while we have left out,
A jolly crew of *Lads* well *fitted*,
And *Buxome* *Lasses*, *Mother* witty'd,

The second part

Met on a *day*, no matter what,
 In the same *month* it was, that's flat ;
 And that it might not loose its *Name*,
 They all prepared were for *Game* ;
 Which though the *learned* could not scan
 To be th' *Isthmean*, or *Nemean*,
 Yet it a *title* had, and good,
 For, *Hocktide*, may be understood ;
 And doth as clear construction carry
 As *Bess* take *Tom*, and *Joan* take *Harry* ;
 Or *Tom* take *Bess*, and *Harry* *Jone*
 Leap over *sword*, and it is *done* ;
 So the *Inducted* Market place
 Clapt up at once, two Babes of Grace
 Which never Issue had, but what
 The *Peaceful*---*Justice*---*Parson* got,
 For *they* all *Functions* did supply,
 And into every *hole* could *pry*,
 Had an *Instinctive* Art to *Strole*
 If that the *she-beast* were with sole ,

Were

of Hudibras.

7

Were the *States* Midwives, and could strain,
More then could Doctor *Chamberlain* ;
Though he could dip, and pray, and preach,
And fiery-pated Squibb did teach,
Until he grew as quaint as he
In their *Occult* Idolatry.
And't may be now and then could bite
The Buttock of a Profolite.
But what was this? a Game at *Whist*,
Unto our *Plowden-Canonist*,
Bewitcht into a power, by some
That ner'e lov'd *Kent* nor Christendome,
And hating all things Orthodox
Did send Religion to the Stocks.
In *Church* refus'd to take the pains,
But in the streets would ask the Banes,
And *Ceremonies*, long allow'd,
Laid by, when they grew Pint---proud,
That *Master* Justice was declar'd
The *Vicar* to *Dog* and *Bitch-yard*,

Which brought in Tythes as fast as Hops,
Cerberus must be fed with Sops ;
And as the *Ancients* have defin'd,
So these were duly paid, in *kind* .
Without a Suit in the Exchequer,
Complaining they to *Noll* were Debtor:
They took a surer course and way,
Peter knew how to make 'em pay,
And thus these holy men of Orders
Did ferk the fry of *Sodome Borders* :
Though *Tom* want Tool, and *Nell* a Nose,
Yet reconcil'd are in the Close.
There let 'em stink, to sweeten (then)
My *lines*, pray *whistle* to my Pen ;
To minde me of the former matter,
Though not Incongruent to the latter.
Then first to shew you what they were
That met, observe each Character,
For, it is requisite we strow
The way with flowers as they go:

of Hudibras.

9

Bushero height the Twisters led,
To whom he was both Cap, and Head,
For Nearness he was held the best,
Good reason, he could *Trim* the rest.
And in his Calling was so rare,
He fitted 'em unto a hair;
And er'e they for their Progress met
Had given his Shirt the Somerset;
(A *Tumbling* word, and used much
By Men, Professors to be such:)
In all things he was *Cap à pe*,
Only his hose was out at knee,
And doublet-elbow wanted clout,
But there, you know, love will break out,
And therefore time is vainly spent
To patch up what must needs be rent :
If any ding'd him on the lip,
With that, quoth he, you may go snip :
Of person he was something squat,
With Ribbons Hat-ban-neding-Hat,

He

The second Part

He had some judgement in the Gyttern,
And *Master* was of *Kitt* and *Cyttern*;
Which *Cythera* sung to first,
When she her God-babe *Cupid* nurs't.
To follow him did *Shanco* roame
From *ladies* service newly come;
As finical for life as he,
If that Comparisons may be!
Was drest with Muffe and Pantaloon,
And in Pocketto silver Spoon,
Which slept secure, till Cream and Cake
Did waken it, for Masters sake:
He was of person pleasing Tall,
As streight as Wand, but slimm wirhall;
He walk'd as though he trod on Eggs;
And Cat-sticks were suppos'd his Legs;
His body burthen'd was with points,
Which ty'd together all his Joynts;
His eyes and legs kept time together,
They danc'd, and mov'd you'd wonder whither.
Such

of Hudibras.

11

Such as ner'e understood the firk
Took him for piece of dutch Clockwork ;
He was the least beholding to
The flesh, of any man you know.
Though he to it was *mainly* given,
With him it ner'e made Reck'ning even ;
Perhaps it may by some be thought
He had as good return'd, as brought :
But in *that* Sense there's Nicity,
Which in *this* must-avoided be,
Only it is confest he was
His Ladies *Limbeck*; his own *Ass*.
In breech of him, *Butlero* came,
With *Cogno*, eager for the Game.
Butlero did in Napkin neat
Bring salt, and bread, and *Cogno* meat :
The one Comptroller was oth' Bin,
The other of the good Kitchin ;
The only Over-ruling Pair
That had to do below the stair :

The

The second Part

The one the merry Bottles brought,
 T'other with Limbs of Capons fraught.
 Which newly had (without denial)
 On Gridiron past the fiery Tryal,
 The Parties equal-parted were,
 Each did of eithers office share
 So Lawyers ner'e fall out for fee
 Among themselves, *ka me, ka thee.*
Butlero may be thought of Kin
 To him that plaid oth' Vyolin,
 And famous was for Clownery,
 Which City-wits call Drollery :
 He could *Arthur* of *Bradley* do,
 The Countrey-man, and Courtier too,
 And had an insight in the City,
 Inspir'd by those that then were witty ;
 From whom the thrifty-Poet steals,
 To furnish *Beardw* ——— for his Meals.
 Ours plaid to what he could not sing.
 An Instrument without a string ;

But

But let me not his judgement wrong,
The Tool did carry with't a Tongue:
And by the Hebrews was allow'd,
As well as *Cymbal*, or the *Crowd*;
And by *Amphion* playd upon,
If ever he did play on One:
Now our *Butlero* in good Sooth
Could play on two from hand to mouth.
Coquo the Tongs could finger well,
And had a Key for what I tell,
Th' Invention was no easie Task,
It took its birth from the *Grand Mask*:
The Teacher had the happy fate
To live in Street call'd *Bysbopsgate*,
And pity 'twas (he did so thrive)
He had not left his like alive.
Thus they to please their Lasses do
Bring hither Meat, and Musick too:
These were the Heads, and now advances
The Gathers, or th' appurtenances,

The

The first with hand, or tongue could sway
 The pamper'd Jades of *Asia*,
 I mean not *Tamberlaine's* the Great,
 Nor he that fell out of his Seat,
 But Masters *His*, of better blood,
 That fed not upon others food.
Sartoro brisk as body-lowse
 Forsook his Stall, annex to house,
 And though he was not worth a Dodkin,
 Wenches call'd him their Standing Bodkin.
Trituratore good at Flayl.
 As *Orsin* erst at Staffe and Tayl,
 His skill in that did keep him safe,
 He Could distinguish Corn from Chaffe.

Then *Molindario* furl'd up Sayl,
 The scornful Wind had turned Tayl,
 H' was held a Man of judgement strong,
 Or else his Neighbours did him wrong;
 He could into a Mill-stone see,
 As far ('tis said) as any *Hee*.

Lanio,

Lnio, and *Tergo* neer ally'd,
 As Calf to Cow, or Skin to Hide,
 Were next enranck'd ; *Pistoro* stout
 As ever Crab-tree threw about,
 Not far behind; his legs were small,
 But sure as Bandy at the Ball,
 The Ancient Poet *Heywood* draws
 From Ancestors of These his Laws
 Of *Dramma*, to fill up each Sceane
 With Souldiers good, to please *Plebe'ne*,
 And in those famous Stories told
 The *Grecian* Warrs, and *Beauchamps* bold.
 At distance some, *Thatchero* came,
 Approved Martial to the Game,
 In one hand *Dudgeon-knife* he bore,
 The other *Gantlet-Mittin* wore,
 The *Hyrroglyphick* of bad *Musick*
 Did follow him, which made me *Spue-sick* ;
 Yet the belov'd *malicious* noyse
 Attracted had whole scores of Boyes

Armed

The second Part

Armed with Clubs and hideous sounds,
As when they go to view the bounds
Of Parish theirs, Or as I've known
The Pan-cake Prentices come down
On Fritter-day, *Vice* to abolish,
And *Reverend-Matron-Baud* demollish.
Then with Majestick pace came on
Cartero, like *Diego-Don*,
Whistling forth Rhetorick to the Beast, his,
Which drew, of this discourse, the *Thesis*,
In Wagon, *Anglice*, Dung-Cart,
Lay Pole so good, cut out by Art,
And ornamented with no less
Then Ribbons given by *Doll*, and *Bess*,
And others of the Fairy-crew,
Of Colours red, white, black, and blew,
Yellow, cinnamon, and green,
Here, and there, Nose-gay between,
Likewise many a Wedding Garter,
Tickling Lasses into laughter,

For

For the *Thing* above the knee
 Seldome's seen, though felt it be :
 But no more of this, 'tis fit
 'That hereafter come not yet.
 On either side this early Tryumph
 Attended, *Tony*, *Row-* and *Ry-Umph-*
Somgelder *Ratratcher*,
Cum multis aliis, sause fear ho !
 Th' Lasses, like *Dyanae's* Troopers,
 Came ith' Rear with Main and Cruppers :
Meg, and *Kate*, and *Doll*, and *Joan*,
 Buxome Lasses every one ;
 With *Pegs*, and *Lett.* and *Luce*, and *Betty*,
 For her face and foot call'd *pretty* ;
Moll, and *Sall*, and *Nan*, and *Frank*,
 Wenches free, and fat ith' flank :
 On *Agnes* Eve they'd strictly fast,
 And dream of those had kist 'em last ;
 Or on *Sr. Quintius* watch all Night,
 With Smock hung up, for *Lovers* sight :

C

Some

Some of the Lawndry were (no flashing)
That would not give their heads for washing ;
Others oth' Chamber, and the Dairy,
All kept their *Arms* free from the *Fairy* :
Thus they pass through Market-place,
And to Town-green hye apace,
Highly fum'd for *Hocktide* Games,
Eclip'd Kingston super *Thames*,
Where Sir *Hudibras*, invited
To dinner was, but newly lighted :
Quoth he to self, I had before
A Stomack good, *this* stirs it more :
Had I best charge 'em before dinner ?
No, quoth he, as I'm a Sinner :
Let 'em wait till I do come,
Charity begins at home :
Serve self first, the Commonweal
May stay till I have made my Meal.
And so he enters House, while Rout
To set up May-pole went about.

The Lasses too put helping hand
 To make the merry business stand.
 There let 'em rest a while, and now
 To *Hudibras* the great kill-Cow,
 Who having on the Creature fed,
 And drank far more then he had bled,
 He in a fury flung from Table,
 And bid his Man fetch Steed from Stable :
 Some business of the State, quoth he,
 Doth retrograde to Manners me :
 However Friend, and Cosen *Narsy*,
 For entertainment God-a-mercy.
 But er'e I go, a word or two
 With you Bro. Knight, and eke with you,
 For pairs of Sirs, there were in fight,
 That had but little maw to fight ;
 Of Stomacks good, and had been able
 To serve King *Arthur* at his Table.
 One did Command the *Cheshire* Forces,
 And had a face as Round as Horses ;

His teeth were grown to the same length,
And wanted nothing but in strength
To passe for one, Beasts know not theirs,
And he was robb'd of his by *fears*;
His Name did Rumble like to Thun-
Der-*Guilermo* Knight Sir *B—ton*.
The other was of last Edition,
A Justice too upon Petition :
He pretty well could understand
The Penal Laws at second hand,
For he a Clerk had that might pass
For an Intelligible Ass.
After Sir *Hud.* discovered had
By Whispers Consequences bad.
So Brother Knights, they streight Array
Themselves, and Horses, and away :
Each trusty **Twible** ties to side,
Fury Conductor was and Guide.
They Course on with might and main.
'Till they came in sight of **Train**,

Who

Who had newly fixt their Pole,
 Which vext 'em to their very soul,
 Round about it some were frisking,
 Others on the Grass as brisking;
 Most in Mirth, set hand to labour,
 Tongs, and Gridiron, Trump, and Tabor,
 Cytern, with a Voice as lewd,
 Rhimes too were but lately stewd
 In Brain-pan, and set to Tune
 The Cuckow rants in *May* and *June*,
 For Lovers sake, while thus they sport,
 Sir *Hudibras* does call a Court
 Consisting of three Knights, three Squires,
 That long before had left their Sires,
 To seek Adventures, and attended
 The Sequel now, which is not ended.
 Quoth *Hudibras*, what's best to do?
 Six heads is better far then two.
 The *Romans* did more glory gain,
 By living Citizens, then slain.

And brave *Cyneus* with a word
Did Conquer more then *Perkus* Sword.
Shall we with smooth *Caresses* go
And soften flinty hearted foe?
Or if then bow, had rather break,
Defie 'em, and not poorly sneak?
But try what fortune will allow
To edge of Sword, and potent blow,
For Points in fights Knight-Errantry
Were still rebated, that you'l see
In Writs of yore; let rumours cease
Dissention breeds, I'm of the Peace.
Quoth Justice then, and of the Town
Else I'd not value a crackt Crown:
More then pins head, I think it meet
With wisdoms lore the crew to greet,
The faster weapon of the two
And will not make so much ado;
Then quoth Sir *Hudibras* Ile spare
Your braines the labour to ensnare

Their

Their wits and wills, quoth then Sir *Guill*—
 Were my Troop here I'd not stand still,
 Courage quoth *Hudibras*, and now
 Wit shew thy self, or weapon, thou;
 Then *Cicero* my tongue adapt
 Or strenthen arm thou mighty Capt ———
 So on they jog, and with an eye
 Well read in modern Policy
 The numerous crew they do behold
 With patience strong and courage bold.
 And soon Sir *Hud.* doth them Accost
 But all in vain, his labours lost,
 He moves to them with sober speech,
 And strokes his beard while they turn breech;
 Quoth he, you Males, for to the Shees,
 I'll offer nothing shall displease,
 How durst you set up (*Sans* advice)
 A *May-pole* of ungodly size
 For height it may amaze the people,
 And streighter is then *Grantham* Steeple;

Which States-men do conclude upon
 Might ferk the whore of *Babylon*;
 Have you to scoure a scurvy Cliffe
 Brought Gyants Toole from *Teneriffe*
Ossa or *Pelion*? No, quoth *Terga*,
 'Tis for the Sisters, *Ruth* and *Pergo*
 And such as follow Covinticle,
 No brother has a Toole so mickle,
Monstra morendum quoth Sir *Hud*—
 What are you men of flesh, or Wood?
 Will you in spight of Ordinance,
 A whorish *Stallion* thus advance?
 Where are your Scences, pray look to't,
 Have we not struck at Branch and Root?
 And ta'ne the Smock from off the Whore,
 Yet will you aggravate us more?
 Quoth *Lanio*, hence thou Weasel, Rat,
 That scarce durst look in face a Cat,
 Who sent for thee? what mak'st thou here?
 And these thy Chitterlings so neer?

Whence

Whence com'st thou, from what nasty Sinck
 Didst thou creep forth, to prate and stink ?
 Depart in peace, or by this Truncheon,
 Thy Beastly back I'll raise a Bunch on,
 Bigger then that thou bear'st, ner'e grudge it,
 'T shall taken be for Tinkers Budget.

Can Nature Monsters such afford,
 That will not hear from Man a word ?
 Quoth *Hudibras*, more deaf then Adder
 To common Sense, to make me madder ?
 And in the face of Justice too !

Sword keep to me, as I'll to you,
 Quoth then Sir *Jus.* my Brothers both,
 To aggravate the Case I'm loth,
 Because these all my Neighbours are,
 And you my worthy Friends, and dear,
 An even hand I mean to carry,
 In Weighty matters must be wary.

He spit, and then he spake, quoth he,
 My Friends, as many as there be,

I hope it is no bad advice,
To bid all be merry and wise ;
I need no farther learning borrow,
Then sawcy Mirth will bring, or Sorrow :
And though for number we seem fools,
'Tis dangerous meddling with Edge tools :
And here are mighty Men and strong,
Whose Arts are in the Army sung.
Root up your Pole, remove it hence,
And let your own homes be your fence.
For I'm impowred by Commission,
To force you from this lewd Condition.
Quoth *Shanco* (quaintly) Mr. *Justice*,
Upon our Strength, not you, our Trust is,
With Wit, or Weapon, choose you whether,
Or one, or both, or altogether ;
We are resolv'd, and so have at ye,
If words won't do't, by *Jove* wee'l pat ye.
I am the Lassies Champion, then
Be safe, and get you back agen.

Well

Well said *Core Shanco*, quoth *Tonsore*,
I'll second thee upon that score.

Awake, quoth *Hudibras*, thou Fox :

Hold, quoth Sir *Guill*. I hate these Knocks :

The People will be mollifi'd

If that the Lord be on our side.

Scarce had he spoke, er'e Stratagem

(By *Shanco* laid) surrounded them,

But by stout *Molindario* led,

Whose very looks did speak 'em dead.

What mean you then, quoth *Hudibras* ?

Fie on't, this 'tis to be an Ass,

And leave my Instruments of danger

At six and sevens, Rack and Manger :

But *Tom*, (speaking to doughty Squire)

This is thy fault, or I'm a lyer.

Now Valour must be brought on knees

To Rascal Rout, and their *Pedees*.

Down with that Maggot quoth the Boyes :

Childten to School, and leave your noyse.

Quoth

Quoth *Justice* good, how comes it thus
you hem us in, may'nt we untruss?

My little Body can't contain,

Quoth *Hudibras*, my Spirit main,

I'll run the hazard: knock him down

Cries one, as soon as said 'tis done.

Sir *Guill.* did shew his Teeth, but durst

Not bite, though he had Mastiffs nurs't.

The ground was burthen'd with the Groanes

Of Knights, and Squires, these pitious ones;

And how to rid 'em thence was thought,

Coltstafes with quick dispatch were brought,

On which they hoysted were, and so

Convey'd to Town, who durst say no?

Where they were met with mocks and laughter,

Their Horses, as rank Beasts, sent after.

The



The second Canto.

Argument.

*The Knights retir'd their Case Condole,
Big with Revenge as Mare with Fole,
Consult the means, but can't agree,
Part, and put up th' Indignity.
Knights two, to wit, Sir Hudibras,
And Guill. leave Town and further pass,
Their Squires attend; Encounters meet
In Journeys-Road, Yclipped Street.
Where on the next day kept was Fair,
Then doth ensue what happen'd there.*

SIR Hudibras (though Fortune had
With wry-mouth flouted him) grew mad;
And

And nothing else would serve his turn
To quench the Rage in him did burn,
But a full Goblet of French Wine
Was dulcifi'd with Sugar fine ;
Which having guzzell'd down Gullet,
He thought on speech, and then he spet
The clear preserver of his Wit
For that , being Salt did season it.
Quoth he, I was a thirst indeed,
Now Brothers, pray do you proceed :
I'm sure you shar'd in blows and beating,
A Julip's good after a heating.
He wipes, and then he hulminates,
Words that through Ear late penetrates,
Shall we, quoth he, sit down with loss,
And faintly go by weeping Cross ?
Shall we with Patience take their frumps,
And Heads revengeless go for bumps ?
Given by the hand of wreaking Foe,
What er'e you think, I think not so.

Shall

Shall **Triumph** revel in their smiles,
 Our **Courage** pinion'd all the whiles?
 Shall we besotted be with beating,
 And bury **Honour** by retreating?
 Honour that's not so cheaply bought
 As Eggs that to your Markets brought.
 But is the purchase of the daring,
 That will not of their blood be sparing.
 Rally for shame then, let 'em know,
 We scorn to flinch for knock or two.
 And now (good Omen) I have got
 My Pistols, that I then had not,
 Which careless Squire did leave behind,
 I would he had been beaten blind.
 Quoth *Justice*, you want Charity,
 Bro. Knight, Sir *Hud.* assuredly,
 For true it is (or else blame me)
 When Men are blind they cannot see.
 Quoth *Hudibras*, is there no way
 To put a period to this day

By

By Conquest ours? where art thou Pate?
Or thus—— or thus—— no, now I have't:
To th' Parliament with speed I'll send,
Where I have got a special Friend.
Hold, quoth Sir *Gnill*. Bro. *Hudibras*,
I have it here, and it shall pass;
Bring Ink and Paper, I'll dispatch
Letters to *Nantwich*, where my Match-
Less Troop doth quarter; come they hither,
They'd tear these Rogues ears, though of leather.
Quoth *Hudibras*, 'tis trick of Clown,
To take one up before he's down;
Yours is the work of half a year,
And my Design does lie but here
A stones throw off, but twenty mile,
And may be done while one does pile
A load of Wood. I think not so,
Quoth *Justice* then, though much I know.
Yes upon Motion of my Friend,
Quoth *Hudibras*, I know they'll send,

Either a Company, or Troop,
 Shall make these stubborn Rascals stoop,
 But good Sir Bro. quoth *Justice*, Sir,
 What will their coming here infer ?
 'Tis true, that after Beef comes Musterd;
 When Belly's full, then Bring in Custerd :
 In plain, the Proverb's good I swear,
 They'l come a day after the fair ;
 Or as (of yore) the learned Clerk it,
 Will come at th' end of a bad Market ;
 At end of Feast I cannot say;
 But after fray I justly may.
 Then (under favour) Brother Knights,
 Your Reasons are not in the rights ;
 You from *Nantwich* do draw Design,
 And you fetch yours beyond the Line,
 For here, or there, 'tis call'd all one,
 The Line of Communication.
 And the wise Parliament thought fit
 We should be Neighbours to their Wit.

D

Sir

Sir *Guill.* I cannot reach your sense,
Nantwich is many miles from hence,
And yours I'm sure doth lye as far
As *Kingstone* is from *Westminster*,
You say they'l come, I ask you when?
You say to Morrow. And what then?
I do Respond, before they come
The Foe is gone, each Wight's at home,
So that your Councel is no more,
“Then Steed being stoln, shut Stable dore.
The Red-coats come, and simply see
A goodly Field, and long Pole-tree:
Perhaps they'l reak Revenge on Wood,
But what will that do our Heads good?
That ake with blows, and our bones more,
Will that be Salve for every Sore?
Did *Paracelsus* ever make
Plaisters of Chips for Valours sake?
Or will (by simpathy) the blows
And hacks on Pole be felt by Foes?

You

You may as well say, strike me Brother
 Here, and at *York* 't shall lite on t'other.
 I need not further wrack my Brains,
 (And't may be little thank for pains)
 To bring Comparisons, save this
 Which was said of *Diogenes*,
 When he was told that one spoke ill
 Of him behind his back, It will,
 Quoth he, not hurt me if he do
 When I'm not present beat me too.
 So to as little purpose were
 These men thought on, should combat air,
 And like the King of *France* his Men,
 March up the Hill, and down agen.
 More I could say, but let it rest,
 The Birds at night will fly to Nest :
 What that infers your selves may judge,
 I have too long been Reasons Drudge.
 Quoth *Hudibras*, must we passe by
 So grand an open Injury ?

Render'd the scorn and sport of Clown,
And Tabl e-talk for all the Town?
We that have seen Death in the Field,
And made the surly Fellow yield;
We that through *dangers* mouth have met
The Foe, and ner'e the worse for't yet,
I mean the common Enemy,
The bold and daring Cavalry.
We can't deny but the base Clubs
Of this rude Rout have given us Rubs,
Which will remain a day or two
On sides, in Colours black and blew;
And 'gainst our wills are forc't to wear 'um,
Those that did give 'um, *Old Nick* take 'um.
Can you, Sir *Jas.* so tamely take
This Cudgel-Combat, and not make
The very *Basis* of the Town
To tremble at your awful frown?
Is Justice lame as well as blind,
Cripp'l'd in Power as well as Mind?

Can

Can you send Begger to the Stocks,
 And have no Punishment for Knocks?
 Knocks in a most Malign sence,
 That will admit of no Pretence?
 Were you Commissionated *Harry*,
 Or are you *Supernumerary*,
 To wit, one that may be imploy'd
 When others are with service cloy'd?
 If you the thing it self assume,
 In your own strength you may presume,
 And by attractive Vertue draw
 Obedience to you, Brat oth' Law:
 Pitchforks and Prongs will soon appear.
 When that Sir *Justice* is in fear.
 Oblige your Interest, Neighbours raise,
 My honour then will bear the Bayes:
 And that you may not want a Man
 Resolved, know I'll head the Van,
 You and Sir *Guill.* bring up the Rear,
 I hope y'are not ill placed there.

Sir *Hud.* and Bro. I must confess;
Not willingly I'de *Aqui-efs.*
Quoth *Justice*, Sir, but as I pearch
At Reason, and her Intrails search,
I know there's no good to be done,
Either with Father, or with Son :
The Case is alter'd now, quoth *Ployden*,
Which is asserted by each *Hoyden* :
When danger did attend our Gates
We did not fear to venture Pates,
But now we have no Enemie,
Unless among our selves they be,
Pray who do they then Impeach,
If you into the sense will reach ?
They plead to have their Sports restor'd,
For which they had the Senates word,
And trusted to't as much, *Jack* saith,
As *Tom* did to the Publique Faith.
Now they instead of being protected
In their Pastimes, are detected,

Disturb'd,

Disturb'd, molested, put in fear,
 Which is a *Sessions* matter, hear
 Me Brother Knights, 'tis counted *pacem*
Terrorem too, if you will trace 'em,
 To wit, the *Cynicks* of the Law,
 Who in this Case will find a flaw
 For Palm of fist, without good Friends,
 Or Money, which makes all amends.
 But I digresse ; of this no more,
 To what I should have said before
 My puurpose is ; the promise Root
 To all their hopes laid under foot ;
 By whom ? who did it violate,
 One that's a Servant to the State,
 Quoth *pro* and *con* ; that *Justice* I,
 My Conscience speaks it, which won't lye ;
 And so for service yours, unsought,
 I'm into a *Priminure* brought.
 Excuse me Brother Knights, God knows
 I'm well contented with my blows,

If you be so, for said my Sire,
The burnt Child ever dreads the fire,
And I was but an Ass, some hint,
At first to have a finger in't.
Send *Mittimus*, then quoth Sir *Guill*.
As I would do, had I my will.
A *Mittimus*, quoth *Justice* then,
For what, wherefore, for whom, and when?
Exponere. And who shall serve it?
Let such have beating that deserve it.
The Constable, nor Tything-man
Will do't, if they avoid it can:
Besides, did Justice er'e obtrude
A *Mittimus* on Multitude?
And your own Eyes have seen that I,
Who am above it, they despise;
For all conclude, (or else they'r Fools)
The Workman's better then his tools.
In brief, (for Brevity's the best
To such will not here out the rest)

I'm

I'm confident, and dare aver,
 Not one man on our side will stir.
 The Remedy we have is this,
Bought Wit is best; Nor is it miss
 Applyed here, which bids be wary
 Of such who are *Ubiquitary*.
 Quoth *Hudibras*, why Brother *Jus*.
 I wonder you should *Cackel* thus :
 Has the Hen trod you ? Is your Comb
 Cut, and no Cock at dunghil-home ?
 Prevaricate, turn Cat in Pan,
 Be lesse then Beast, yet seem a Man.
 Do you wear Beard, and want a Face
 To add a Credit to your Place ?
 Too much, the Proverb now should hit
 In you, to have more hair then wit :
 The *Romans* shav'd themselves so clean,
 The face of Justice might be seen ;
 But you obscure it with a Grove,
 Where Maggots Nest in Neighbour-love :

Or

Or like the Creeping *Syrian* King,
 When he with Beasts went a Banquetting.
 What strange Coherence doth bewitch
 Your Worships *Nose* to Plow-mans *breech*?
 I do request your learned Noddle,
 Tell me what's that in Pan you coddle;
 For Brains you have not (I suppose)
 Unless they drop out of your Nose.
 Are you a Magistrate *per se*,
 Or *insufficientem te* !

To which oth' *Noanes* do you incline?
 Your *Gender* sure's not *Masculine* :
 Rather the *Doubtful*, like long *Megs*,
 And scarce can stand on your own legs :
 The Sword on Shoulder was mis-laid,
 When kneel down *Gent.* rise *Knights* was said :
 And he that made thee *Justice-dasher*
 Did spoil (Sir Reverence) a good Thrasher.
 Nay, quoth Sir *Guill.* I promise you,
 Bro. *Hud.* something he said was true,

And

And now for Councel well may pass,
 Though one would take him for an Ass,
 Not to run farther into th' Briers,
 Is all that his advice requires :
 And truly, unlesse we were stronger,
 I think't not safe to stay here longer.
 Quoth then Sir *Justice*, 'tis all one
 To me, to stay, or to be gone ;
 But I think packing is the the best,
 For beating this, is but Earnest
 To after Payments that will follow,
 When as the Rout Triumphs; and hollow,
 If you at good advice will rave,
 Abuse your Friends when none you have :
 Take Pepper in *Nostrello* when
 You want a Box to put it in ;
 I care not a Fleas-biting for
 All your great din, pudder, and stir ;
 And as a wiser then you all
 Did speak in house beyond the Hall,

If

If without cause you angry be,
Be pleas'd without amends for me :
And since all words are held but wind,
Your Girdles buckle turn behind :
I'll not be bug beard at the word
Of *Colonel Cramp*, or wise Sir *Turd*,
I've seen a Knight ere I saw you
Quoth *Hudibras*, scarce one so true :
Mine currant and of older stamp
Then thine that is but lately vampt,
Mine will be lasting, thine decay,
The More's your shame, as I may say.
Quoth *Justice* then, for one may see
You're Cobler but in Heraldry ;
And If I don't mistake my Note,
You basely have abac'd your Coat ;
For he can be no Childe of Honour,
That shall for favours spurn at th' Donor :
As for my part (though mine were latter)
I shall stick still to the first matter,

I will obedient be to Powers
That are above me, not to yours;
And in my Neighbours love will dy,
I value not wherefore, nor why.
Quoth *Hudibras*, to horse, a Curse
Upon this Town, *Malignants* Nurse,
And doth derive part of its name
From whom (at first) Tyranny came.
May darkness seize upon your dwellings,
That have eclips'd my high Excellings;
May all your Wives be leapt by Clown,
And your fine Bread be turn'd to Brown;
May all your Cattel dye oth' Rot,
And not a piece be had for Pot,
Or Spit; and may your Children mutter,
When Kine want Milk, and they want Butter.
Quoth *Justice* then, thou art no *Christian*,
A *Turk*, or *Jew*, or *Tribe Philistian*:
Get to thy Crew, from hence for shame,
Least on thy back light all the blame.

So

So part they did with Anger eager
As frowns on Brows, and Visage meager :
The Squires were call'd from Tipling-Cell,
Not dreaming of what had befel ;
Armed with Liquor Male they stride
Thir sturdy Steeds, and on they ride ;
leaving Sir *Justice* out of Peace,
Fretting, and melting in's own greace ;
And unto Town, famous for Hogs,
Butchers, and their like, Mastiffe-dogs ;
And for a Witch that once liv'd there,
Not unlike *Falstaffe* in *Shakespeare* ;
But more for fight, when *Londoners*
In *Thames* were dipt or'e head and ears,
And some Limblefs in Carts were sent,
As Presents unto Parliament,
Which made a foul House, and no doubt
Was ill Resented when smelt out ;
Thither they haste, but in their way,
Latet in anguis ; some rubs lay.

At distance mile from Town there stood
An *Amphitheatre* of Wood,
Back'd pretty strong, a Form or Bench,
Where sat Sir *Capon* and his Wench ;
A Plank for Stage some five yards high,
(With Curtain most conveniently.)
On which Sir *Hud.* whose eyes were walking,
Perceiv'd a fellow gape, or talking;
Sometimes expanding arms, then clutch
His fists, or point to thumb, as much,
His head was in perpetual *motion*,
His eyes the same, to put off *lotion*,
And tongue he had more swift then Jack,
Which alwayes ran knick knack, knick knack,
For through his teeth such jangling went,
As one would think his gums were wrent :
Spectators many stood before
To see the Knacks he had in store,
With *Algate-Mouths*, *Saracens Ear*,
They gape to taste, as mad to hear.

On

On either side of *Theater*
Were plac'd two Tubs of sturdy Beer,
And Wenches, that for Novelties,
Sold Ginger-bread, and Pudding-pies,
Which fodder was unto the *Cattel*,
As when Train-band do enter battel:
This made the Knights and Squires to pawse
A while, and sift into the cause:
What can this mean, quoth *Hudibras*
To Knight Sir *Guill*. must we not pass?
Does Courage so adapt my blade,
That Multitudes do Ambuscade?
Day thou art fatal, yet bright Honour
Shall say I still will wait upon her;
Be bold, troop up, defie the Foe;
Hold, quoth Sir *Guill*. I say not so;
Observe you not yon' man of Zeal,
A blest Tipe oth' Common-weal,
With held up hands, and devout eyes,
He doubtless is at Exercise,

His Faculties in labour are,
 To feed the Soul even through the Ear,
 A Work of Grace he is a doing,
 Then soberly let us be going ;
 Curb in the Reins of wicked Horse,
 And pace like men that have remorse,
 For ah, alack no blows controul
 As words, that cudgel do the Soul,
 For they, like to *Achilles* Speare,
 Both wound and heal, or I'm not here.
 So on they amble to the place,
 Where *Monsieur* spake with a boon grace ;
 Begar me kill you all, an den
 Presan make yon alive agen ;
 Wi dis me do all de gran Cure,
 De Pock, de Scab. de Calenture ;
 Me make de Man strong, pour de Wench.
 (Then riseth *Capon* from the Bench)
 Look you me now, do you no see
 Dead yesterday, now live day be,

Four boon, dey leap, dey dance, dey sing,
May foy, an do de toder ring :

Begar good Medicine do all dis.

Capon makes legs, and Wench doth kifs,
Take hands, and throw their legs about.

Then *Hudibras* disturbs the Rout :

Quoth he, what do you come to see,

A Pandor shew his Harlotry ?

Then forth of Holster doth he take

His fatal Engine, to awake

His long slept anger ; 'mongst 'em them

(With Courage would serve twenty Men)

He rusheth, makes the Rabble fly ;

Monsieur doth Quarter, Quarter cry ;

And *Capon* (but for Wenches *Teathers*)

Had been hung up in his own Feathers :

The Suttlers lay as they were dead,

To see their Drink so murdered ;

Hot Custard, piping-Pudding-pie,

On *God's* cold Earth at distance lie,

The Knights and Ladies sunder'd are,
In Ginger-bread united were :
But th' Squires did in Pocketto put
Some Pudding-pies, as good for Gut.
The Rout dispers'd, quoth *Hudibras*,
Brother Sir *Gnill*. and Squires, the face
Of Fortune now is wheel'd about,
She doth assist the bold and stout ;
I knew er'e Ev'ning did close in
We should be Conquerours, and win ;
Perseverance doth make the Man
Inclin'd to Warr a Champion ;
Diffidence and distrust confound,
And bury Honour under ground :
To take one Wound, and fear another,
Makes Man but Valours bastard-brother ;
In all brave Fights with courage born,
Ev'nings prove better then the Morn :
In triumph Squires lead on to Town,
We have recover'd our Renown.



The third Canto.

Argument.

*The Victors all their Pris'ners carry
 Through Town to Castle, and there tarry,
 Which Pilgrims us'd in times of yore
 To call an Inn, and shew'd wherefore ;
 There they in Council sit, and do
 Examine Quack, Capono too,
 Nor doth the Wench escape their reach,
 They in her Cote do find a breach.
 But in the Close (without controul)
 They Prisoners passe on their Paroul.
 Then new Adventures they do seek
 'Mong Butchers rude, and Puppets meek.*

Unhappy

UNhappy is the Wight that has
 To do with mighty *Hudibras*,
 Whose Courage no rebating knows,
 For he drives on, and calls for blows,
 And like the daring *Scithian* Shepherd,
 Keeps Sword from Rust, till all are pepper'd,
 Or in the Sanguine liquour stew'd
 Issuing from *Pagan* Multitude,
 Though Fortune on his side may frown
 At first, at last her Pride comes down,
 Which he takes up, and swells his Sails
 With glorious *Nihils*, empty Gales:
 So have I known some Courtiers want
 Bread, more then ever did peasant,
 Upon the turning of the Wheel,
 Preferment made their Reason reel,
 And slight those from whom helps they had;
 Success, and Money make Men mad;
 Money that *Loyalty* out-braves,
 Keeps back the honest, brings in knaves,

Puts fellows Principl'd in Treason
In Power and trust 'gainst sense and reason,
Replies to all things, Rhimes to *Honey*,
Ask what's a Clock, 'tis answer'd *Money*.
Go to 'em but to speak about,
Some business, streight the hand's held out,
Which signifies you must prepare,
Before your matter meet their Ear ;
Like half-starv'd Wretches (come to meat)
Do covet more then they can eat :
Or as the Proverb bids you mark,
The Priest forgets he er'e was Clark.
Sir *Hudibras*, whose great Prowesse
Aims at the *more*, forgets the *lesse*,
Troops on with all his Captiv'd train
In state, much like to *Tamberlain*,
For he, his Conquest to compleat,
Chains *Monsieur Quack* like *Bagazet*,
And at Horse tayl he doth attend,
Like one made for no other end ;

With

With head on side of neck, he goes,
 His Vessels leaking, Eyes and Nose,
 His antick Motions are forgot,
 He moves as though he moved not;
 Nor can you blame him thus to falter,
 No Dog but would abandon halter;
 And he well knew there was no trick
 In reading, or practice *Chymick*,
 After a hanging to cure Gullet,
 And set it right to swallow Pullet:
Capono and his Damsel brought
 Up Rear, with Sorrow fully fraught,
 His Countenance betray'd him loth
 To be dish'd up amidst white Broth,
 And doubted much to have his Book,
 He knew he had a hanging look.
 The Damsel lookt like one neer dead,
 But comforted by Ginger-bread,
 And now and then with Pudding-Pie,
 Tender'd by Squires (some Reason why)

For as Taylors preserve their Cabbage,
So Squires take care of Bag and Baggage. —
Vesper appear'd, and *Sol* was down,
When *Hudibras* did enter Town:
Quoth he, Bro. *Guill.* observe the Sun,
Envy'ing the Glories we have won,
Is gone to bed, and in meer spight
Shadows our *Trophies* with the Night:
But er'e he has ta'ne Nap or two
Wee'l rouze him with Atchievements new,
Bleeding like Herrings in their Gills,
And fresh too, or wee'l want our wills:
So over Lake, *Anglice* Kennel
(Which had a stronger scent then Fennel)
They unto Gate (beyond it) past,
Famous (when shut) for being fast.
Quoth Knight to Squires, go one of you,
No matter which, you are but two,
And ask who keeps this Garrison,
I mean the house, but 'tis all one.

Your

Your words, quoth Squire, shall be obey'd
 Great *Hudibras*, (just so he said)
 Before the turning of a Teaster,
 Or bate me of an Egg at *Easter*.
 Whoop, quoth the Squire, where are you ho?
 A Language he was verft into,
 For he had travell'd many a mile,
 And was not now to seek his stile.
 At last *Ostlero* did appear,
 Whose Nose did scent the Beasts were near:
 Quoth he, why bring you not down lights
 For Squires so good, and eke for Knights?
 Quoth Squire, first take in care our Horses,
 And then you may Rally your Forces.
 With hand as useful *Quacks* Sirrops,
Ostlero streight takes hold on Stirrops,
 And leads the Palfryes to the Stable,
 Where he did do what he was able
 To beasts, for he and they were Kin,
 However they were now drawn in.

Mean

Mean while was *Chamberlano* call'd ;
He came, and ask'd for what they bawl'd,
For he was ready for all Squabbles,
Having been beat (it seems) at Tables.

Quoth *Hudibras*, where wert thou bred ?
Wilt thou not stand us now in sted ?
Wearied with doing mighty things,
Spent the whole day in Bickerings,
These are the *Guordeons* of our toil,
Our purchase and our lawful spoil.

Quoth then Sir *Guill.* oh fie, good Brother,
Let us like Christians love each other.
But every like is not the same,

Quoth *Hudibras*, you are to blame,
You will be twittering like the *Drill*,
Yet insignificant be still.

Quoth he, these are meer Infidels.
Begar you lye (quoth *Monsieur*) else,
Softly to self, as who should say,
He would speak more were he away.

Quoth

Quoth *Hudibras*, shew up to room,
 For they shall soon receive their Doom.
 Quoth *Chamberlano*, after banging
 I think them hardly worth the hanging;
 Yet I presume they may be try'd well,
 And sent to place yclipsed *Bridewell*.
 Thou hitt'st it right, quoth *Hudibras*,
 And so they unto Chamber pass,
 The fairest in the place, you may
 Believe whatever others say;
 In length it was full fourteen Yards,
 In breadth some twelve, measure, *Richaurds*;
 The Floor, for Comers, strew'd with Rushes;
 Chimney set out with Boughs and Bushes;
 The Walls, instead of Tapistry,
 Were hung about with History,
 As those of the *Prodigal Son*,
 And Judgement just of *Solomon*,
 In Capitals most fairly writ,
 To take the Eye, and help the Wit;

Upon

Upon the Ceiling one might see
Clouds of Mens names in Candlery,
Who had been Patrons to the place,
And penny spent in putting Case ;
In Window laid was Lavendare,
Of which the Cushions smelt most rare,
With pots of Flowers very pleasing
To put a Man into a sneezing :
In midst of Room a Table stood,
Which certainly was made of Wood ;
The *Superfices* of it was
A Carpet, which for green may pass
T'avoid disputes, but to say true,
It might as well be ta'ne for blew,
Or any colour else, or none
At all, hower'e 't shall pass for one,
Richly strip'd o're with dregs of Ale,
Which from o're-charg'd Cups seldom faile,
And here and there you might discry
A breach made by the Enemy,

Who

Who from *Mundungoes* took its name,
And wastes it self in smoak and flame,
Whose alhes fatal are to Cloth,
Linnen, or Woolen, all, or both:
On each side Table placed were
Stools joynted, and at end a Chair,
Which was for Worshipful, so please,
But all was for the Buttocks ease:
And lights in Sticks some place did fill there,
Some say were Tin, but bright as Silver:
At end of Room a Bed did stand,
Whose Posts were carv'd by cunning hand,
Faces good store, but ne're a Nose,
And Legs too, without Feet, or Toes,
Which either came by some disaster,
Or else he was not his Arts Master;
And yet perhaps he did expresse
The Art he had in ugliness;
For to do things exactly ill
Must needs shew (though not Judgement) Skill:
About

About the Teaster of the Bed,
And so on that they call the Head,
Were painted Batts (like *Cherubs*) flying,
To comfort Souls when they are dying.
But rouse my *Muse*, y'ave been too long
Upon the Bed, pursue your Song ;
For *Clio* (as some Authours ken)
Doth sing the worthy Deeds of Men ;
So all this while, it may be sed,
We have been singing *Knights to bed* :
Therefore no harm to Ears that have
No mind to hear, nor those that crave.
And now we come unto the Point,
By this time Squires had truckt for Joint
Of Mutton, or some wholsome food,
Which they knew was for body good,
And brought up word unto the Knights,
Who bid withdraw awhile yon' Wights,
Pointing to Prisoners, who stood gaping,
As Damsel did, who long'd for *Japing*,

A word the *Gipseys* much affect,
And held by *These* in like respect;
For they have travell'd North, and South,
With it, and tenant is to mouth,
Which though they throw out now, and then,
They entertain with joy agen;
But er'e the Creature was brought up;
Or that the Knights had ta'ne a sup,
On these main words, *put case*, and *whether*,
The Knights condogg'd, knockt Jolls together,
At last for private Reasons they
Did think it fit the Wights should stay;
For held it was a point of State,
That Prisoners should on table wait.
After a hem, Sir *Hudibras*
Bespake and said, alas, alas!
Begar, quoth *Monsieur*, here be none,
Me scorn your vards begone.
There's no such haste, then quoth Sir *Guill*.
Our Enmity is not so ill

To

To have you loose part of the *Supper*,
And therefore stay : Marry *come* up here;
Quoth *Hudibras*, must you be treated,
Whom we but lately have defeated ?
Begar (quoth *Quack*) vid all mine heart
Me take de *Supper* in good part ;
Me be no angry vid dat,
Dough me be mad at me know vat.
Then *Chamberlano Cloth* did lay,
Which had not seen *Sun* many a day,
And Salt sat down with little losse,
Its *Cell*. was part of *Charing-Crosse* ,
In equipage most formidable
All things were fitted for the Table.
Then *Hudibras* bid all be bare,
Lend Ear to *Grace* (but none was there)
His *eyes* and *hands* did make dumb *shows*,
His *tongue* (too) and his very *nose* ;
But this *fume* did not last *him* long,
His *stomack* to the *Meat* was strong :

Quoth

Quoth he, give Trenchers to the Wretches,
Let them attend while *Colon* stretches.
Ma foy, me understand no dis,
Quoth *Quack*, trencher in hand a, pis
Bougra Shack-dog, me serving Man,
Dat in de Pock have de Largent.
Oh have you so, quoth *Hudibras*,
Wee'l see anon if it will pass;
Sit down, and let your Servants eat
With Squires so good, wee'l leave 'em meat.
Four boone begar, 'tis all a mode,
Quoth *Quack*, poor Men travel de Rode.
So they fall to't with teeth and knives,
And throw about 'em for their lives,
They little leisure had to prate,
And so avoided all debate,
To wit, had stomachs like to horse,
And had not time to find discourse;
They did so pay shoulder a Mutton,
That morsel scarce was left there uppon

For Squires, and Charge, whose looks so meager
Declar'd that they to eat were eager
Quoth *Hudibras*, Squires take away,
Victual your Camps, but do not stay
Long by't; and hear me, send up Pease,
They will our appetites appease;
Dispatch, for business great (you know)
Effect we must er'e sleep we do:
So down go Squires, and into Room,
Where *Hogo* did from *Stable* come;
They put *Capono* and his Wench
Where neither stool was, nor yet bench,
But forms a couple by good hap,
And table too, (to take a snap)
Some four foot high, and two yards long,
With legs of wood supported strong:
And therefore Authors say the word
Implies (in very truth) a board:
There us'd *Tapstero*, and *Ostlero*,
To play at *Putt* for *Cans* of *Beer*, ho;

On board, or table, was set down
 The burthen'd dish, with meatless bone;
 And streight out of the Kitchin popt
 A Wench, that had in dripping sopt;
 'Tis true, her hands were not so white
 As theirs that lie in gloves all night;
 No matter though some speak 'em foul,
 She was a good condition'd Soul,
 And meerly in good will did bring
 A clout, sh'ad newly been wringing,
 After it serv'd had *dish* and *pot*,
 And came from *dresser* reaking hot:
 Oh fie (quoth she) are you without
 A cloth, then down she dropt her clout,
 And spreaded it to best advantage
 (In cloath sometimes there may be scantage)
 And so they fell to picking bone,
 Which was snatcht at by every one,
 With many a *Wink*-contrived-slip,
 And happy he could get a *snip*,

Only for Damsel carv'd was Knuckle,
And she as stoutly with't did buckle ;
Quoth Squires, are there no Peason left
For us, who are with hunger cleft ?
Hunger you know is very *keen*,
Or (as some have it) *sharp*, which e'ne
Will break *stone walls* through ; then what hath
Man to defend him, who's but *lath* ?
Quoth Squire, come bring us (and then drinks)
Onions and *Cheese* to fill up *chinks* ;
Which they chop down with far more ease
Then Dogs (in Summer) snap up Fleas.
I might say something of the becks,
The winckings, and their counter-checks,
Simprings, and treading on the toes,
Excuses (too) to pluck a Rose,
Which (for Squires sake) distressed Dam-
Sel us'd to make, when loose ith' Ham ;
But I conceive they will advance
Matter enough for some *Romance* ;

So I acquit my self the pains
That do attend those busie-brains ;
And unto *Hudibras*, who now
Summons his Wits, and knits his brow,
Crosses the Proverb (like a Gull)
Grows *angry* when his Belly's full,
Stroaks up his *forehead* with a *Grace*,
And looks *bat-lining* in the face,
Mutters a word or two to self,
Then calls, where's *Chamberlain* that Elf ?
To clear the board, or *Tapster*, he
May do the office if need be :
And so about the Room he struts,
Like him that newly fill'd had *guts* ;
Or as 'tis said of *Crow* in *gutter* ;
His arms like wings about did flutter :
He rubs his *elbow*, then his *pate*,
Calls up the Squires, quoth he, 'tis late,
And bid 'em bring with them their *Charge*,
My word is a *Mandamus* large

Enough ; all Consultations are
Ripeſt at Night, as th' *Romans* were ;
The Mornings dew the Poets ſuck,
That makes 'em poor (the worſer luck)
Their friend *Aurora* doth inſpire
Their Fancies but with early fire,
Not well grown up, a fainting light,
When weighty matters require night,
And in the States-mans Cabinet,
We therefore will in *Council* ſet.
But here Sir *Hudibras* miſtook,
And went a mile beſide his Book,
For he that is a Poet right
Doth court the Morn, and weds the Night :
And ſuch as have the happy fate
To ſteer a *Stage*, can ſteer a *State*.
The Squires at *Call* obedient were,
And to their Arms did ſoon repair ;
The Priſoners were conducted up,
After they'd ta'ne a luſty ſup

Of knocking Ale, though liquor muddy,
It in their Cheeks rais'd colours ruddy.
Quoth *Hudibras*, draw neerer you,
And you *Jack-daw* get to your Crew,
Speaking to *Quack*. Be me Shack-daw?
(Quoth he) you be Shack-nape, pishaw—
Me no care dis—begar me be
A Gentlehome in mine Countrey,
Me tell you dat, better den you,
Vat den? may foy me speak de true.
Quoth *Hudibras*, thou sawcy Wight,
Compare how dar'ft thou with Sir Knight?
Him, into whose more powerful hands
Confiscate are thy *life* and lands,
As thou shalt see, soon after Tryal
Sentence shall passe without denyal.
So he surveighs the Room, and where
Solomon painted was sets Chair,
And seats self in't; quoth he, before
We handle th' matter shut the dore,

And snuffe the Candles, they burn dim :
The Squire with haste obeyed him.
Then *Hudibras* bid 'em sit down
At Tables end, and mind their *own*,
Which was their *Armes* ; then frown he threw
At Prisoners, might have made them spew
Their Suppers up, but when he saw
It had no power upon their Maw,
He finds another way, and blisters
Sir *Guillielmo's* Ears with whispers ;
At fingers ends he pleads their Cases,
(The ancient way us'd by *Arbaces* :)
And as his head and fingers plaid,
Quoth *Capon*, sure he's of our Traid ;
Mark, *Master*, if he can refrain
To shew in part *Legerdemain* ;
I, now again ; he do'st with ease,
And has more Roguish tricks then these ;
Fear not, I warrant we are quit,
Hang him, he has a pestilent Wit,

Sudden

Sudden as Thunder (that soures Beer)
As lowd too; he bids *Wretches* hear,
For now his anger is grown hot,
And a Fools bolt is soonest shot ;)
Are you asham'd to shew your Faces ?
Then to the brown *Cow* turn your Arses,
(A Military word much us'd
In *Scotland*, though by some abus'd,
And signifies to face about,
True, we might here have left it out :)
He *riseth* from his *Chair*, and straight
Fills it again, to shew his State ;
Supports his *whiskers* with *fore-finger*,
Bites *thumb*, instead of *candi'd Ginger*,
Which, if you dare to take my word,
At that time *house* could not afford,
But *Don de Fogo* (by relation)
Speaks it a sign of indignation,
A *menacement* unto the Foe,
And it may well be taken so,

From

From hence the ancient Proverb comes,
The angry Man will eat his Thumbs :
But in another sense we find
The matter of a different kind,
As when o're *Coward* one prevails,
He swears hee'l make him eat his Nails,
Yet seriously consider'd, we
Find not the sense to disagree,
For nail to thumb's a noted friend,
And holds out to the very end,
So that if nail a sufferer be,
The thumb must share by sympathy :
So much for that, and now to him
Ycliped *Hudibras the Grim*,
And yet hee'l smile, but then beware,
For sure it is against the hair ;
Quoth he, 'tis fit we should take care
(*Imprimis*) to know what you are,
From whence you came, and what you do
In *England*, not a place for you,

We

We have no vagrant People here,
 But what are punisht most severe,
 And if you do transgress our Laws,
 You are condemn'd for the same Cause.
 Your *Lex* (quoth *Quack*) me no concern,
 Wat's dat to dee ver me vas born,
 Me be no esham'd of mi Countree,
 Me be a Frenchman de *Parree*,
 Tis no four boon to use me dus,
 Ven *Anglond* be in League vid us.
 That makes not for you a bare word,
 Quoth *Hudibras*, so thumprt the board
 with fist as hard, as who should say,
 What *mischiefs* this, would it were day,
 For Arguments grew on apace,
 And so did Night, put Case to Case ;
 If theft or murder you commit,
 Quoth he, pray, who shall pardon it ?
 Th' Offence done here ? Good Mr. *Blus-*
ter, must not th' mercy come from us ?

Begar

Begar (quoth *Quack*) me be no fush Man,
 Me travell'd *Swed. Ital.* and *Dashland*,
 Nay par ma foy all de Varld o're,
 And me ner'e vas serv'd dus before.
 Quoth *Hudibras*, what made you to
 About you call so base a Crew
 Of Tag and Rag, lew'd hair-brain'd fellows,
 Many of them deserving Gallows?
 This will be found an Insurrection,
 To which the Law denyes protection;
 In time of Peace to raise a rude
 And giddy-headed multitude,
 To break the Peace—— No, no, begar
 (Quoth *Quack*) you break a de Peace vid Var,
 You draw de Sword, and cock de Pistall,
 Come down sa, sa, ven dey ver whist all,
 Begar you break a de Peace me say.
 Quoth *Hudibras*, an Ass will bray,
 And so dost thou; I tell thee, this
 Crime is Indictable, that 'tis.

Ditable! vat be dat? quoth he,
Me no it understand, fi, fi.
Quoth *Hudibras*, what do we know
But you come here to stir up Foe;
To set the needy *Cavaleers*
And us together by the Ears,
That Money have, which they do want,
And for't will fight like *Tarmagant*,
And so our Valours be upbraided,
And every Road be Ambuscaded;
This we interpret may a Plot
To raise a new Warr, is it not,
Bro. *Gnill*.? Now he of speech was slow,
Because he would not his teeth show,
And to avoid the carping might
Upon his words and judgement light,
Which shew'd his wisdom, and intent,
By silence still to give consent;
For the best way to shun dispute,
Is to say nothing, or be mute,

So

So on Sir *Hudibras* proceeds,
 And agravates *Quack*'s foul misdeeds,
 So high, and with so strong a sence,
 You'd wonder it should come from thence.
 Begar (quoth *Quack*) you be de strange
 Man in de Varl, your vit do range;
 Me tell you one, two, tree, fore times,
 Me be no born here in your Climes,
 Me be de Frenchman, profess Phissick,
 Me cure de Pock, de Cough, de Tiffick,
 De Ish, de Gout, the Ash in bones,
 And me begar can cut your Stones.
 How's that? quoth wrathful *Hudibras*,
 That word shan't unrevenged pass:
 A Purse (too) can you cut? quoth he;
 And pick a Pocket if need be?
 Or are employ'd by those that do,
 To draw the main end up, the *Crew*?
 Me no endure dis ring, nor dat,
 Quoth *Quack*, come hedder, shew de Par.
Capon,

Capon, vid hands of approbation
 From de College, pour, tolleration,
 From Potentates, and mighty Princes,
 Dat in de Varld de like not sure is.
 Quoth *Hudibras*, oh is it so,
 You kill, *Cum privilegio*;
 Ensnar'd you are by this account,
 And Crimes on Crimes *super-amount*,
 For Murder, or the like, there is
 No help left for you saving this,
 Shew something sign'd by *Parliament*,
 Or *Oliver*, to that intent,
 And wee'l acquit you, give you o're,
 Else we proceed must as before:
 What say you for your self? Disbe
 (Quoth *Quack*) may foy very pretty;
 Vat do me need hands from fustings,
 Ven me have got de hands of Kings?
 Me never did seek after dem.
 Your words (quoth *Hudibras*) condemn
 You

Your self; but e're we sentence pass,
Come hither fellow with your Lads:
What Trade art thou? (Quoth *Capon*) none,
I thank my Parents, I'm but one
Of thirteen that is left alive,
The rest *Grigg*. did of breath deprive.
'Tis fit thou make up Bakers dozen,
(Quoth *Hudibras*) not Hangman cozen.
And what are you, there, Mistris *Minks*?
With Cheeks that look like drooping Pinks?
What trade do you drive 'mong these fellows?
Are you Whore-ripe (too) for the Gallows?
At which the Squires look'd very sad.
Fearing her Case would prove but bad.
Quoth she, I must confess I am
(And't please your Worship) what I am,
And have a long time follow'd this
French Doctor here for *Had-I-wiss*.
Art thou a Man, or art thou Womau,
Quoth *Hudibras*, for both are common.

Quoth

Quoth she, I'm of the weaker Sex,
 God bless your Worship, *Vivat Rex.*
 What's that, quoth he, you mutter'd last?
 I doubt y'are Male beneath the Waste,
 For as some Authors well have noted,
 Youths have been sometimes petticoated;
 If so, there must be danger in't,
 Statutes against it live in Print:
 Search her, examine all the nicks,
 For I do hate those Players tricks.
 Glad of the Office, Squires begin
 To strip her to the very skin.
 Quoth *Capon*, hold. to end the strife,
 And't please you (Sir) she is my Wife,
 A Woman right. Yes (Sir) quoth she,
 Your Men know that as well as he.
 She had a quick and piercing sight,
 And found they Servants were to Knight.
 Nay then (quoth *Hudibras*) if she
 Be *leefull* lawful Wife to thee,

G

Enquire

Enquire no further ; Squires forbear,
And touch not the forbidden Ware.
Quoth she, I thank your love for that,
Your Men I knew would harm me not.
Quoth *Hudibras*, Friend, take her to thee,
And many a good turn may she do thee :
His Passion (now) left to be wild,
As sleep came on, so he grew mild,
He found the Night look monstrous grim,
And *Morpheus* had surprized him,
He gapes, and yawnes, and nods his head,
(Summons that call *Mortals* to bed)
What is't a Clock (quoth he) d'ye think ?
(One would have thought he'ad been in drink)
Sure it draws neer to break of day,
And I have something more to say :
Oh Brother, that you could me help,
But you are better skill'd in *Kelp*
(For which he was about to get
A Patent, but was chous'd of it :)

Since

Since then (quoth he) the Charge is mine,
To quicken Spirits fill some Wine ;
And having ta'ne a glafs or two,
As *Cicero* did use to do,
When he in Councel sat up late,
For benefit of *Roman State* ;
He Temples rub to whet his Wits,
And gravely down again he fits :
Quoth he, your Crimes are great I know;
But we to anger (now) are slow ;
Justice is pictur'd blind, and the
Reason is, 'cause she will not see,
And though some say she is *Impartial*,
'Tis found contrary in each *Martial*,
Or that she should not lend an Ear
To *this*, or *that*, for *love*, or *fear*.
Now that we fear you not, you know,
And love you can't, what Snake in Bo-
Some ? for you are our Enemies,
'Twixt these *Extreams* (then) your Case lyes ;

So that a moderate way we must
Find out, or you are all but *dust* ;
And that must *full* of *Honour* be,
Or else we loose the *Glory*, We
By *Conquest* won ; and now I hit it,
(This 'tis to be so ready witted)
By laws of *Armes* we are to give
Quarter to him desires to live ;
What he is Master of is Ours,
Excepting life, all's in our Powers ;
For such ner'e *Valour* understood,
That kills his Enemy in cool blood ;
It Murder is conceiv'd by some,
Of which wee'l wash our hands, come, come,
Now one would think he call'd for Water,
But mark, I pray, what follow'd after ;
We made you Prisoners by our Might,
And all you have is ours by right ;
But as the truly generous Spirit
Minds nothing more then *Honours* merrit,

So

So all the *Plunder* is our due
 We *gratis* do restore to you,
 And as you are *parte per pale*,,
 But half soul'd *things*, and therefore frail,
 Wee'l grant you so your liberty,
 As may with *Honour* best agree;
 There's several wayes, which are not strange,
 Upon Parol, or in Exchange:
 Now Fortune was so just a Guide,
 That all the losse was on your side,
 And there the Case does differ much,
 Prisoners you are, you have none such;
 Others have left a Guage behind
 'Till their return, which is to bind;
 But wee'l direct a neerer way
 For you to walk, without more stay,
 Y've plentifully fed on food,
 And therefore 'tis but reason good,
 Without more words, or further beckoning,
 You presently discharge the Reckoning,

Then cast your Caps up all, and cry,
Long live our Noble Enemy.

Begar me vill do no fush ting,
Quoth *Quack*, me say, *Viva de King*,
Of mine Countrey; vat me to do
To make fush Preachment pour you?
Me no deny to pay mine share,
Pour mine self, and mine Servants dear,
And me vill pay no more begar,
Pour all you be de Man of Warr.

I tell you once again, y'are *dust*,
If you deny a thing so just,
Quoth *Hudibras*; if we once fly on,
You'l find what 'tis to wake a Lion;
Have we you treated more like Friends
Then Enemies, and's this the mends?
Squires to your Arms, seize all they have,
Only their dirty Vitals save:
Now *Hudibras* begins to rant,
Lo what it is for Man to want

Sleep;

Sleep ; Man but two eyes has in's head,
 Must they be ever opened ?
 What serves lids for, who (like Watch-cases)
 Should close eyes up safe in their places ?
 But when the brains boyl over pot,
 Then are the lids made fiery hot,
 And stiffe, they cannot shut the eyes,
 And there 'tis thought the reason lyes.
 The Squires the *Fod* do hunch and juttle,
 But 'twas in vain for *Quack* to bussle,
 His *party* was to weak : Quoth he,
 Me vill pay de reck'nen *jesvous pres* ;
 All, quoth the Squires, or none : Me vill
 Pay all, quoth he, but hold you still :
 It be no boon fashion to pay,
 Me tink, till me do go away,
 Me do not at de reckonen grush,
 Dough me do tink it very mush,
 De Jentlehome, de Traveller,
 Pishaw, do no such ting begar,

Dey stay in Inn pershanse two, tree
 Dayes, four boon, but pay no penny
 Till dey do mount Chivall, and den
 Dey call mine Host take de Recknen,
 Me now loge here dis night, *Alles*,
 In de morning me cry ver be ye,
 And discharge house vid all mine Soul.

Quoth *Hudibras*, upon parole
 Depart you may, that is to bed,
 Be sure you keep to what y'ave said,
 And e're your Journey, in the Morn
 Bring me a Plaister for my Corn.

Wee, Wee, quoth *Quack*, me cure you all
 Be sis a Clock, or *Diablo* fall :

Which reach'd not *Hudibras* his Ears,
 'Twas mutter'd as they went down stairs.

Quoth Squires, wee'l toss a Cup or two
 (When Knights are safe in bed) with you.
 Vid all mine heart, (quoth *Quack*) me'l stay
 One, two, tree oures pour you ma foy.

The

The Knights hasten to bed apace:
 And Squires their Armour do unbrace,
 (Yclyped Doublets) *Ostler* call
 To pull off Boors, clean 'em withall;
 Then down in Bed, not Bed of Down,
 But such as serv'd (when came to Town)
Tom Carrier, Knights their Bodies lay,
 And bid the Squires take lights away,
 Dispatch to bed, and special care
 Take of Portmantua that was there;
 For Truckling there was none in Room,
 Unless on Rushes they would strome
 (Which some call *stretch*) themselves, and so
 Take key, shut door, and down they go
 To seek a roosting place, and spend
 Some time with Damosel their Friend,
 And *Quack*, whose Gibberish pleas'd 'em much,
Capono (too) for wit, none such,
 With little search they find 'em out,
 In a ground-Chamber, hung about

With

With Cobwebs of the finest thred,
Truckle there was, but ne're a Bed,
A decent Matt there was indeed,
Of Sheets or Rugg they had no need,
Th' weather was insulting hot,
And Fleas would vex where they would not
Have 'em ; and so to mend the matter
They drink about, and no words scatter.
At last (as if 't had been allotted)
The Squires ('twas said) were shrewdly potted,
And sleep they must, then down on Mat
They threw themselves, left Cloak and Hat ;
But Subtle *Quack*, and's crafty Crew
Slept not, they'd something else to do.
By this time day began to peep,
And fellows heard cry, *Chimney sweep*,
Which serves as Clock to call up *Bess*,
Harry, or *Will*, to mind *Bus'nes*,
Especially the Kitchen-maid,
To make fires that o're night she laid :

the mean while *Quack* was not idle
 Cunning as Horse had bit oth' Bridle :)
 the Damsel (one that would be thriving)
 in the Squires Pockets fell to diving :
 their Cloaks were packt up 'mongst the luggage,
 Thus Men are serv'd when they are sluggish :)
 the Gates but newly open'd were,
 All things were hush'd, and Coast was clear,
 And so unseen they huddle out
 Into the Street, then wheel about, -
 Some Minutes after folks 'gan rowze
 From Beds, and shew heads out of house,
 To be in readines for *Fair*,
 Some to shew Tricks, some sell their Ware,
 And some to see, and some to buy,
 That in Purse had but a penny ;
 And now the Streets began to fill,
 While *Knights* and *Squires* lye dormant still,
 Regardless of their late *misbap*,
 Nor dreaming of an *after clap*.

But

But as things strangely come to pass.
So happen'd it with *Hudibras* ;
Right underneath his *Window*, there
Was plac'd a *Shew*, and *Trumpeter*,
Who to intice the People in,
Did make a most *Prodigious* din,
And as the knack on't is, another
Did answer him, whom he call'd Brother,
So that by *Repercussions* they
Were got a Note beyond *Ela*,
Eccho'd by others in the Fair,
As though they meant to rend the air,
This startl'd *Hudibras*, who flew
(Like Lightning) out of Bed, and drew
(In shirt) his Whynniard, what are we
Betray'd ? Rise Brother *Guill.* quoth he ;
Hark, the whole Town is up in Arms;
On every side we have Alarms,
Let's dye like Men, and not be slain
In Bed, or like tame Pigeons ta'n :

Out

out of our Roost, but dare the Foe,
 like Horse, and boldly 'mongst 'em go.
 Quoth then Sir *Guill*. this cannot be
 our late defeated Enemy,
 for they securely sleep in house,
 as sure as *Gournets* do in fowse,
 rather must be some old Plot
 newly broak forth, say, is it not ?
 Quoth *Hudibras*, it may be so,
 yet up, and we shall better know.
 Quoth then Sir *Guill*, this is a base,
 And to *our side*) a cursed place ;
 I love not fighting so neer th' Water,
 doubting the *danger* may come after.
 Quoth *Hudibras*, 'tis but a *sound*,
 I born t' be hang'd, you'l ne're be drown'd ;
 besides, wee'l make our peace with these
 prisoners we have ; the Wench will please,
 that was well thought on, quoth Sir *Guill*,
 I will get up, I that I will.

Where

Where are our Squires, they come not near :
 Sure they are half struck *dead* with *fear*.
 The *Chamberlain* is call'd, to call
 The Squires, to bind the Prisoners all :
 Unwillingly *they* rise from *Mats*,
 And shake their heads like two drown'd Rats,
 They mist the *Monsieur* and his Mates,
 Their Cloaks and Hats too, scratch'd their Pate
 For madness they should be serv'd so ;
 (But there's no truth in fawning Foe.)
 After strict search th' Squires fell to weeping,
 Must we then pay so dear for sleeping ?
 Quoth they, th' worse luck : Oh thou *she Fiend*
 We thought *thou* wouldst have prov'd our friend
Knights call'd above (in *sume* no doubt)
 To bring up *boots*, and be let out ;
 The Squires in haste thrust hands in Pockets
 (Their Wits were quite out of the sockets)
 To feel for Key, and misse their Money,
 Their Watches (too) oh C— C—

How

How basely dost thou deal with Man?
 (But all the mischief that' it can)
 If ever we meet thee agen,
 For this trick we will shew thee ten:
 So up they went, in pitious plights,
 And told all to their Masters, Knights.
 How, how (in rage) quoth *Hudibras*,
 Durst they depart without my Pass?
 Or bringing Medicine for my Corn,
 I'le make 'em rue they e're were born,
 If I do find 'em 'mongst the Foe;
 For forth I will, and forth I'le goe.
 Ask *Chamberlain* if they have paid
 The Reck'ning, of which I'm afraid:
 No Sir, quoth they, they ne're thought on't,
 Our Cloaks and Hats too marcht upon't,
 (Money, nor Watches, durst not name,
 They better should have watcht the same.)
 How, robb'd, and cheated too (oh Gull !)
 This 'tis to be so merciful,

Quoth

Quoth *Hudibras*, can none discry
Where, and how strong's the Enemy?
Quoth Squire (one) here is kept a *Fair*,
To which all *Comers* welcome are,
No greater *Foe* assuredly,
Then *Hobby-horse*, and *Puppet-try*.
The greatest *Foe* of all, and they
Shall dearly for your losses pay,
Quoth *Hudibras*; among that Rout
The others sculke, wee'l find 'em out.
First, there is shewn the *deadly* sins,
Which with the *Box keeper* begins;
Jane Shores disgrace, and lamentation,
(A *Concubine* not now in fashion.)
Then *David*, and *Uriah's* Wife,
And *Doctor Faustus* to the life;
With many trifles more, which do
Allude unto *Prophaneness* too;
Abomination 'mongst 'em dwells,
Of which I mean to rid their *Cells*,

And

And clear the *Streets* of *Superstition*,
And its *Idolatrous* condition.

Then *Knights* mount *Steeds*, and at a word
(In one hand *Pistol*, t'other *Sword*)

The *Squires* on *foot* the *Horse* attend,
(The readier to find out *false friend*.)

They star'd about, folk thought 'em mad,
(For neither *Cloak* nor *Hat* they had :)

As soon as they were got in *Street*,
The *People* ran (as it was meet)

And at next door their *malice* lights,
(Which lately had disturb'd the *Knights*.)

Quoth *Hudibras*, fall on, fall on,

And spare not there a *Mother's Son* :

At which the *folk* forsook the *Sight*,

And left the *Puppets* in sad *plight* ;

Some lost a *Cloak*, and some a *Hat*,

Which to the *Squires* came very par ;

The *Box* with *Money* flew about,

For which they were not grown so stout

H

As

As not to stoop; they thought on *Quack*,
And then the *Pappets* went to wrack;
They cut what er'e they hit upon,
Down comes the *Tower of Babylon*.
Quoth Fellow, Pox upon you, Sir,
For spoiling *Nabuchadnezer*,
His Nose was cut out ill before,
But now you have abus'd it more,
How think you after this disgrace
Hee's able to look Beast in face?
They mind him not, but out they bring,
As Captive bound, *Babylons* King:
And in their havock grow more bold,
They pull down *Rag*, which *Story* told,
And as a *Trophee* bear't before
Sir *Hudibras*, and one Knight more,
To wit, Sir *Guill*. so on they trot,
With all the Pillage they had got,
Greedy of more, but were prevented
By Butchers stout, that *Fair* frequented,

Who

Who seeing *Squires* a quoyle to keep,
 And *Men* to run faster then *Sheep*,
 Quoth they (to People) what d'ye fear?
 There's neither *Bull* got loose, nor *Bear*,
 And will you seem to make escape
 From fencing fools, and *Jack-a-nape*
 On horse-back? Clad in Coat of Plush?
 Yet looks but like a *Sloe* on bush:
 Keep, keep your ground, wee'l force 'em back,
 Or may — *we never* Money lack.
 Then out they *Snap*, and *Towser* call,
 Two cunning Currs,, that would not bawl,
 But sily fly at throat, or tail,
 And in their Course would seldome fail:
 The Butchers hoôt, the Dogs fall on,
 The Horses kick, and wince, anon,
 Down comes spruce *Valour* to the ground,
 And both Sir *Knights* laid in a swoond,
 They like stout Horsemen kept the Saddle,
 As long as ever they were able;

But

But such as *Honour* forward pricks.
 Must now and then expect Horse-tricks.
 The *Squires* with grief ran hom to *Quarters*
 To hang themselves, had they found *Garters*:
Man should not trust to *Fortune* more
 Then to a *Sodometick-Whore*,
 Whose best of Actions are by night,
 So, as she's *blind*, she hates the *light*.
 This *Hudibras* (who not long since
 Did think himself a petty Prince)
 Does sorely find, on *sides* and *guts*,
 (Oh out upon such fickle Sluts.)
 So out oth' Bowels of Compassion,
 Knights were led home in an odd fashion,
 Where we will leave 'em for Recovery,
 And then set forth a new Discovery.

F I N I S.

The Printer to the Reader.

THe Author having not time to attend the
 Press, some Mistakes have happened (but
 not any very grosse) which is desired, thou wilt
 either passe by, or amend with thy Pen.

Farewell.

In another copy, of a different issue, after the line which ends with "— an old fashion"—follows, on page 91.

Where they no sooner intred were,
But Squires provide each Knight a Chair
To ease their bruised weary Limbs
That now in very sorrow fawins:

and so forth to the middle of p. 93, in all 44 lines.

After this there is a Fourth Canto occupying pp. 94 — 123. There is no Notice of "Printer to the Reader". p. 124 being blank.